A New Beginning

Ron Koertge

Somebody opens her guitar case and tries a few chords. Somebody else puts in their ear buds. Isn't there a song we can all agree on so everybody can sing along?

INHALE/EXHALE

Take me out to the ballgame. A Little League shortstop knocks dirt out of his cleats
The first pitch? Always a new beginning.

A couple unlocks the door to their new house. Boxes everywhere. Down goes the rug. Even the movers get a hug.

A kid in a red wagon waves on his way to the sidewalk's end. Put down roots **START AGAIN**.

Sometimes a mountain is real. The first step up is a new beginning. Climb and at the top share a bottle of water. Sometimes mountains stand for what we have to overcome. A different kind of first step. **INHALE/EXHALE**

Listen to your heart doing its part.

Twenty thousand breaths a day. Every one a magical moment

to START AGAIN. An artist

with a fresh canvas decides to take some chances; brush hovers over paint that flows and pretty soon a painting glows.

Try saying hello to everybody, and see how that feels. There's beauty in the word comm<u>unity</u>. A beauty that heals. **INHALE/EXHALE**

Hold the hand of someone who's chanting a Serenity Prayer. Being sad is no one's whole identity. Hold on tighter. **START AGAIN**A coyote watches her cubs chase butterflies tipsy on milkweed.

A car speeds by on a raucous joyride. Even underneath a rock where hate

A car speeds by on a raucous joyride. Even underneath a rock where hate sometimes hides, some little green thing is growing. **INHALE/EXHALE**

Dawn always a new beginning. Days are done, new ones wait to carry on. Someone at the cemetery hears a finch's irrepressible song and takes a deep, deep breath. **START AGAIN**

Why not call the friend who moved away. Is there something you need to say? Be brave. Another chance to live and love. INHALE/EXHALE

There's music everywhere. Move your tired feet. The world is always waiting to dance with you. INHALE

EXHALE

START AGAIN

Acknowledgement: Thanks to everybody who took the time to contribute to this communal poem. It's common to say that writing is a lonely process: one writer and a blank sheet of paper. But I didn't feel lonely at all working on this project. I had a lot of new friends who helped. —Ron Koertge

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